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P. T. A. IS ASKED TO GIVE SUPPORT TO SCHOOL BILL

An appeal has been made to the Parent-Teacher association all over the state for support of the school bill No. 302 and 303, relating to the Portland district. In Portland the school finances are in a peculiar condition. The people in 1916 passed a law limiting the amount of taxes which cities of 100,000 or more could levy to 6 mills upon the assessed valuation. In all other cities and districts an increase of 6 per cent in taxation may be made each year, but in Portland the limit has been

fixed at 6 mills. As the school growth has been 50 per cent and the finance has been kept at the same level, a special election has been necessary every year, which is an expensive procedure. Should the tax fall at any time the district would be unable to meet financial obligations. It is proposed to create a new basic levy which would be formed by adding to the amount raised by the six mill levy the amount voted in special taxes this year. This sum would then form the basis for future taxes subject to the six per cent limitation. While the measure applies only to the Portland district it must be acted upon by the people of the state, for it is a charter amendment which necessitates a vote of the people.

PATRONIZE NEWS-REVIEW ADVERTISERS

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Douglas Abstract Company
Roseburg, Oregon



The Telephone Directory

Good telephone service depends largely upon care in calling telephone numbers. A wrong number called causes loss of time and inconvenience to you, to the operator and to the party called.

You will get better service if you—
Consult the current issue of the directory for telephone numbers instead of trusting to memory.

Call Information if the party you want is not listed.
Give the number clearly and accurately.

These suggestions are intended to aid every telephone user. We earnestly solicit your co-operation.



The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company

Jungle Breath

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By Ben Lucien Burman

THIS HAS HAPPENED

To the queer little South American town of Porto Verde, in west central Brazil, a town fringed by dark, forbidding jungle, comes an elderly American, Lincoln Nunnally, a famous chemist.

An air of mystery seems to hang over the place. This impression is accentuated when the porter who handles Nunnally's grips hints of strange deaths that have occurred and mumbles gloomy prophecies.

In the barber shop, the barber, a strange, dark man with an Oriental cast in his eyes, speaks to Nunnally, who then recognizes him as Vilak West, known as Vilak, a fellow American. He asks Vilak what he is doing in Porto Verde. To his amazement, Vilak says he has sent for him.

The barber business merely conceals his real activities. He and his cousin, Elise Marberry, need assistance in getting at the root of a mystery that already has cost several lives and threatened Elise's.

Another man is killed, Tony Barbo, one of Elise's foremen. Before he dies, he accuses one, Limbo Potts of murdering him. Potts admits striking him with a club, but pleads self-defense. Vilak later astonishes Nunnally by saying Limbo Potts did not commit the murder. He is silent as to his theory and asks Nunnally to accompany him on a nocturnal visit to the ranch of Gaylord Prantiss, a mysterious and forbidding man, known to be an enemy of Elise Marberry. Vilak insists that they wear raincoats, though the night is cloudless.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY
CHAPTER VI
In a few moments Nunnally and Vilak were riding slowly up the road, their shadows dancing fantastically before them on the gray mud. Their course for the first mile lay over the highway. They crossed the bridge over the river, which was swirling hungrily between its low banks along which ran the railroad.

"River's getting high," said Vilak, looking down as he crossed it. "If it keeps on rising like this in the mountains, we'll have a bad flood. They have them twice a year here, but this season there's been much more rain than usual and a few of the inhabitants are getting worried. An English company has a big dam about twenty miles up the river, which they built to develop waterpower for the mines opening up in that section and everyone is certain the dam will let go some day."

"A similar dam broke about four years ago and killed two or three hundred people. A lot of water about here, as you've probably noticed. A lot of little lakes which have been dammed up in recent years to give a steady supply of water for the dry season. It's necessary, but it makes things a bit dangerous in an over-wet season like this. However, never like without danger. There's a man up in that tree, aiming a pistol at us, I think," he added without changing the infection of his voice. "Pull back behind that bridge timber."

The chemist obeyed Vilak leaped over his saddle, snatched up a sharp rock from the roadway and hurled it at the lower branch of the tree he had indicated just at the end of the bridge. There was a sharp cry, then a crash in the brush.

"Who was it? Er—who? who?" The old man panted excitedly. Vilak plucked the mud from his finger. "Nothing to be alarmed about. Just the common variety of holdup man, I think. After you've been down in this part of the country a while you'll take it as naturally as your meals. The end of the bridge is one of their favorite places. They wait up there in the trees point their revolvers at you without being seen and shout down to you to throw your money into the road. Then after you're gone, they come down and get it. An easy and almost infallible safe method, for, not being visible, their victims have no chance of resistance."

"Oh, they don't take chances, these brave young bloods. A great improvement over the American method. In about another half a second we would have heard the Brazilian equivalent of 'hands up,' and if you were a good scared Indian you would have thrown everything you had in your pockets onto the road and run like mad. Either it was one of these thieves gentry or someone who wanted to kill me for reasons and motives unknown."

The chemist, his little body taut on his horse, stared blankly in the direction of the crashing brush.

"Er—why didn't you shoot at him? And why are you not pursuing him now—yes—pursuing?"

"I didn't shoot at him because a rock serves the purpose amply and I don't kill unless I have to. I'm not pursuing him because we've much more important things to do, where we may need every bit of energy we have, and we'd only be wasting it on a fruitless chase. I know these jungles too well."

"That man's an eighth of a mile from here now and safe as if he were a thousand. If he's a thief, the police will catch him—maybe. If he's a murderer, he'll be caught here anyway. If he's one of my particular friends, then undoubtedly we'll meet him again. Concentration, mon cher, is the best strategy. Stick to the main road. Or as an esteemed pugilist, who was one of my intimates, told me, don't guard your chin and thereby expose your solar plexus."

Their horses stepped from the bridge onto the road. A quarter of a mile farther on, the men saw two dark figures shrouded in the bushes. As the riders neared them they began to move farther back into the obscurity, but at a cordial

sualation from Vilak, halted. Nunnally saw the gleam of knives, then recognized the faces of Taqueala Branda of the patched cheek and enormous Adam's apple and the one-armed Doto Cleorone of the broken teeth, the two men he had seen stealing off after Elise in the afternoon.

They grinned at Vilak amiably, the grin making the gaping hole that marked Cleorone's mouth wider than ever, for the figure of Attorney Davis was often seen at night on the road that led to the Marberry fazenda. But even the chemist, unlikable as he was in the study of human emotions, could detect a distinct uneasiness in their faces. "Buona sera, amici," Vilak said smilingly. "A beautiful night, is it not so?"

"St. Meester Davis, si, al," Cleorone, the more active of the two, hisped quickly between his broken teeth. "The night is very beautiful. The moon she beautiful like when she shine on sea at Napoli."

"You stand here and watch the moon."

"St. Meester Davis," they chorused anxiously.

Vilak casually offered them cigars. "Take care, my friends. The jaguar likes to strike in the moon. Is it not so?" Buona sera."

The two men eagerly tipped their hats. Vilak and the chemist took the road again. They passed a clump of trees set far back from the highway. Vilak called his companion's attention to it. "That's where Attorney Davis lives," he said. "I have a room at Elise's, too, that I use when I need it. A short distance farther they reached a wide gateway under two cast-iron trees. It was the entrance to the Marberry fazenda. They rode through a low building of white stucco surrounded on all sides by long, carefully screened verandas.

Elise Marberry came forward to meet them. The chemist had no difficulty in recognizing her as the black-haired young woman who had thrown a kiss to him from her carriage in the afternoon. Then she had been dressed in gray; now she wore a gown of yellow silk, embroidered with jade green which outlived in brilliancy the flaming-colored macaw which they could see standing on a perch inside the door. Around her supple neck, and hanging down upon her dress, was a heavy hand-wrought silver chain.

"Well, here you two are at last," she said as she took the old man's hand and squeezed it vigorously, without waiting for the formality of Vilak's introduction. "It's a shame the way we've treated you. A crying shame. But it's all the fault of this wretch of a cousin of mine. He insists on dragging you to this place that only mad creatures like myself inhabit. He won't let anyone meet you at the wharf, because he wanted to have you stumble against him as though by accident; then when you are here, he won't permit you to stay on my fazenda where I could see that you were comfortable, but insists that you live in that filthy den he calls a hotel. Good evening, my Lord Dictator," she said, turning to him suddenly.

"Not a dictator, only sensible," he retorted as they made their way to a gay low-ceilinged interior. "What a charmingly uniformed and virtuous woman don't possess."

"Your undoubtedly a dictator," she invited them to sit down on a bright striped divan. "The only reason I pay any attention to you is because you're a criminologist and not many families possess one."

She began toying with a fan made of iridescent green feathers which brought out all the beauty of her dark skin. "But even you tyrannical orders couldn't keep me from saying hello to Mr. Nunnally, at least."

She turned to the old man again. "You see I go to meet the boat every week when it comes in. It's the one luxury I permit myself. Really a lot of fun. Everybody does it, you know, back in the little towns in the States." She smiled at him radiantly. "I'm really awfully glad to meet you. I've heard so much about you from Vilak. And I'll be telling grape and look at those mannikins deposits and tell us if they're worth anything. Though frankly, I never would have permitted you to come if Vilak hadn't insisted so vigorously. It's my job to stay here because my property here. But I don't think it's quite fair to drag you into it."

The old man hastened to reassure her. "Vilak was quite right in sending for me. It's different here—different, yes. But I am—er—enjoying it."

Vilak arose from the divan, went over to a table at the other end of the room on which lay a few American and Spanish magazines and glanced at his cousin sharply. "Something's happened in the house. Late this afternoon," he said suddenly. "What was it? Come. Out with the truth."

(To Be Continued)

EDITH HOSMER DAVIS WEDS PORTLAND MAN

A wedding of interest to a number in Roseburg took place Saturday, June 18, in Seattle, Wash., when Mrs. Edith Hosmer Davis of this city became the bride of Mr. Charles Reed of Portland. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Hosmer of Roseburg and is well known here, having attended the local schools.

Fish at Idyl Park.

DODGE SIX SEDAN IN CLASS BY SELF

"Every structural detail of Dodge Brothers new six cylinder four-door sedan emphasizes that this car is constructed in same rugged and permanent way that all Dodge Brothers cars have been built for thirteen years. Let, in every way, the car is so new and so different as to stand entirely in a class by itself," says J. O. Newland, local Dodge Brothers dealer.

"The clean cut body design with its suggestion of massiveness and the thoroughness with which the car is put together, is causing favorable comment from everyone who has closely inspected it. This car is built to stay tight throughout its life."

"An instance of the care which has been taken to insure that there will be no rattles after a few thousand miles on the road is furnished by the way the fenders are fastened to the body. All chance for noise from loosened fenders is eliminated by substantial bands between the rear fenders and the wheel housings. To deaden vibration between the body and the frame, felt pads three or four inches wide and fully three-eighths of an inch thick are used throughout the waist of the car. Usually a narrow woven webbing is used but tests have shown that the wide felt pads are much more effective."

"In the body mounting itself there are numerous provisions which make for long life and quiet performance and which add materially to the car's attractive appearance. Doors of unusually rugged pressed steel construction, of substantial thickness and with strong joints and good husky bumpers provide for quiet closing, a positive lock and a permanent tight fit."

"The body itself is a composite of wood and steel structure with remarkably small steel pillars at reinforcing (all vision in all directions). The windows are mounted in heavy felt."

"In every structural detail this car conveys the idea of the rugged and permanent type of car which has always been associated with Dodge Brothers name."

How good news does spread! General Gasoline is still the best

LEGIONNAIRES GO THROUGH CITY ON WAY TO MEDFORD

Legionnaires from nearly every city in Oregon passed through Roseburg today enroute to the big meeting to be held at Medford tonight. Salen had a large caravan, the entire cast of the minstrel show recently given by Capital Post going to Medford to put on the show there tonight. There were also cars from Portland and from as far east as La Grande. The meeting at Medford tonight is to be one of the largest American Legion gatherings ever held in the state outside of a state convention. It is to be a pop-off meeting for the state convention, which will take place at La Grande July 21, 22 and 23. Senators Stewer and McNary will be present, in addition to many other prominent men of the state. An interesting program has been arranged.

FORMER RESIDENT DIES AT VILLARD, MINNESOTA

A copy of the Villard Grd., published at Villard, Minn., received here by Roseburg people, contains an obituary of Peter Pennie, a brother of John Pennie, of West Roseburg. Mr. Pennie was the only surviving member of J. G. Whittemore Post, G. A. R., of that state, and was 88 years old at time of death. He enlisted in August, 1862, and served until the close of

TWO HOMES MADE HAPPY

By Women Who Used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I think it is the most wonderful medicine I ever tried," is the statement made by Mrs. Goldie Shoup of St. Joseph, Ill. She declares that after taking the Compound she is in better health than before. Mrs. J. Storms of 29 Lane Street, Paterson, N. J., writes: "I can not speak too highly of your medicine and I recommend it to all my friends."

the war, and was with Sherman on that memorable march to the sea. He was a member of the Presbyterian church, and had never used tobacco or liquor during his long life. Several years ago Mr. Pennie visited this city, living on Montana street, and made many friends during his sojourn in Roseburg, later returning to Minnesota. Of his six surviving children, Mrs. Janette Taylor resides in this city, as does one of his brothers, John Pennie.

Will clean all kinds of wood finish. Carpets, rugs, window washing. Make them look like new. Good references, Charles Danis. Phone 51-Y.

CHURCH NEWS

First Church of Christ Scientist. The regular services of the First Church of Christ Scientist, Roseburg, Oregon, are held in the church edifice, 312 East Douglas street. Sunday services are held at 11 a. m. and Wednesday evening meetings at 8 p. m. At the Wednesday evening meetings testimonies of Christian Science healings are given. Sunday school for pupils to the age of 20 years, convenes at 9:45 a. m. The reading room with side entrance to the church building is open daily, except Sundays and holidays from 2 to 4 p. m., where the Bible and all authorized Christian Science literature may be read, borrowed or purchased. The subject for next Sunday's lesson is "Christian Science." A loving invitation is extended to the public to attend the church services and use the reading room.

Parabose Motor Oil 100 per cent pure paraffine base. At General Independent Dealers.

FORMER OAKLAND RESIDENT DEAD

George S. Medley, a former resident of Oakland, died yesterday at Portland at the age of 64 years. He made his home in Oakland for about 16 years, going to Portland about three years ago. He had been in poor health for a number of years. He was a brother of Mrs. R. T. King, Portland; H. E. and P. J. Medley, of Oakland; William Medley, of Medford; and J. G. Medley, of Albany. He was a member of Umpqua Lodge I. O. O. F. at Oakland. The body is being brought to Oakland where the funeral services will be held.

Pure whole milk and it's pasteurized. Roseburg Dairy, Phone 168

FRED ASSENHEIMER GETS IN BOOST FOR GARDINER

Five moose—somebody has said that the plural of "moose" is "moose"—turned loose in the lower Umpqua region, have become so tame that they are somewhat of a nuisance. One bull moose is quite chummy with a bridge crew working at Lettie. A few days ago, while the bridge crew was watching the moose, they saw him bristle his hairy neck and then make a wild charge for the crew. The bridge-workers left that place without delay, some going into the stream and others reaching a safe spot on the bank. What had happened was that the bull moose saw a farmer leading a gentleman cow down the road and was so frightened that he fled to the bridge for protection. Such is the story brought to Portland by Fred Assenheimer of Gardiner. Speaking of deer, the visitor swears that in his area these animals are so numerous that they interfere with motor traffic and drivers sometimes have to stop their cars and lift the sleeping fawns from the middle of the road. It is when speaking of Gardiner, however, that Mr. Assenheimer becomes most enthusiastic. He declares that it is the prettiest town on the coast. It sits on a hill and all the houses are painted white and in the background is a green forest. The houses are large and attractive, and with the river in front Gardiner looks like a stage setting. Once upon a time it was a bustling, thriving community, with ships coming in for lumber cargoes, but with the passing of Mr. Jewett, who owned and operated the sawmill, which was the life of the place, Gardiner settled down to a quiet, beautiful existence—Morning Oregonian.



THE SKY WILL CLEAR

Put your heart into your work, and the sky will clear. So fit get dog ahead financially—save with a will and deposit regular with this bank.

4% Interest Paid on Savings Account

The Roseburg National Bank Roseburg, Ore.

Coos School Supt. Visits—

Mrs. Martha Mulkey, superintendent of the Coos county schools, stopped over in Roseburg Friday afternoon enroute home from Eugene, and called on Mrs. Edith S. Aekert Douglas, county school superintendent.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Davis have

left on their vacation and will spend two weeks camping out near the Canyon Auto Camp near Canyonville. Following her vacation Mrs. Davis will return to her duties at the office of the county school superintendent.

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O. L. Johnson

Measure No. 302

Measure No. 302 on the ballot for the special election to be held June 28 is a constitutional amendment which provides that the 6% limitation provision of the Oregon Constitution may apply to the Portland School District as it now applies to all other school districts throughout the state.

This measure affects no other district in Oregon than the Portland School District and Portland residents will appreciate your support.

VOTE 302 YES

Pd. adv. by C. R. Holloway

Close the Nestucca to Nets

Vote 322 X YES, on the Nestucca Fish Closing Bill

One of Oregon's important assets is the pleasure of outdoor life.

To protect these assets it is necessary to conserve the fish in our streams.

The Nestucca River is the most accessible and popular stream in the northwestern part of the state.

The use of nets in this stream threatens extermination of salmon and steelhead trout.

The catch taken by commercial fishermen is steadily decreasing.

The 1926 catch was 100,000 pounds less than that of the previous year.

Let us save the stream before the fish are all destroyed.

The Nestucca river belongs to all the people of the state and not to a small commercial group who are destroying a valuable state property.

In licenses the state received only \$653.75 in 1926 from the commercial group on the Nestucca River.

The poundage tax paid the state in 1926 was only \$1003.69.

It has cost the state far more to enforce the law than it has received in fees.

On the other hand, the tourist travel of residents and visitors results in millions of dollars being spent annually in Oregon. Let us encourage and develop tourist attractions rather than destroy them.

Bill will appear on the Ballot Title as follows:

NESTUCCA BAY FISH CLOSING BILL—Purpose: to prohibit the taking or fishing for salmon or other food fish in Nestucca Bay and its tributaries at any time by any means whatsoever, except with hook and line, commonly called angling.

322 X YES—I vote for the proposed law.

ELECTION JUNE 28, 1927

Vote 322 X YES, and close the Nestucca River to Net Fishing

David Robinson, 502 Pacific Building, Portland, Oregon, Chairman Nestucca River Referendum Bill Committee, Oregon State Sportsmen's Association